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Music Magazine

red

SATURATION VOLUME 2

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

We're staring down the barrel of Demo Magazine's second issue of the year. Whether it's your first time picking up a copy, or you're a long-time reader, we're glad that you're here with us! We're almost through the cycle of Saturation, with only one more magazine coming your way this year. Time flies when you're arguing over punctuation! Red can mean a lot of things, spanning all the way from love, hate, lust, and beyond.

Throughout this issue, you can read a tribute to D'Angelo, sort out your perfect soundtrack for starting a fight, and dive deep into all kinds of punk. Thank you endlessly to everyone who has put their blood, sweat, and tears into this issue, including the writers, designers, and photographers. We hope to meet you again for our final issue of the year, Yellow. Until then, keep rolling with the punches.

– Finch, Alec, Shayla, & Serena

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ANGER IS A GIFT: I STILL CAN'T GET OVER RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

WRITTEN BY RILEY MCLEOD

DESIGNED BY SERENA HAO

Rage Against the Machine's 2022 reunion tour was the first real concert I ever attended. I bought tickets for me and my Dad for Christmas in 2020. It was the most money I'd ever spent. I dragged my boyfriend along to a Rage Against the Machine cover band last winter, and recently, I attended guitarist Tom Morello's solo tour with my Dad—he bought the tickets this time. I could probably recite most of their discography word for word. Needless to say, I'm a fan. Is it dad rock? Yes. Is 1990s rap-rock a bit passé in 2025? Perhaps. Did Rage maybe inadvertently cause the nu-metal movement of the late 90s and Y2K era that brought us musical atrocities like Limp Bizkit's 2000 hit "Rollin' (Air Raid Vehicle)"? No one's perfect. Despite all this, I've got a Rage poster hanging in my room right now. From when I was a little kid listening to CDs in the car with my Dad through to today, they've been my favourite band. I simply won't shut up about Rage. I'm like an annoying K-pop stan, but for four men in their 50s and 60s who haven't released music together since before I was born.

Rage Against the Machine's 1992 self-titled debut is an explosion of angst. Ten tracks, 50 minutes, mostly written within weeks or a few short months of the band's formation. It's a refutation of neoliberal society—colonialism, consumerism, militarism, and police brutality—in a hard-rock package that was revolutionary for its time. Frontman Zack de la Rocha wrote lyrics describing the pain and anger he felt growing up Chicano in an education system that praises Christopher Columbus, while Tom Morello turned his axe into a turntable. It features head-banging guitar riffs alongside insanely tight drums, a prominent bass, Zack's intense, aggressive voice, and the occasional cowbell (don't ask). Tracks such as "Bullet in the Head" and "Freedom" are masterpieces of musical tension, building energy until they erupt into a screaming breakdown over a collapsing musical din. "Settle for Nothing" is as ominous and depressing as it is angry, sounding like both experimental hardcore rock and spoken word poetry at once.

Rage are hard to categorize. They drew from wide influences, including punk, hip-hop, metal, and hardcore. They embraced and were inspired by hip-hop and rap before it went mainstream in white America (pre-Eminem)—even touring with Wu-Tang Clan in 1997. They were too hip-hop for rock purists and too punk for hip-hop heads, but massively successful nonetheless. Post-hoc, many attempt to deem them an early example of nu-metal, but the nu-metal bands that came later in the 90s never really sounded like Rage, and Rage never really sounded like them.

Depending on who you ask, Rage Against the Machine either embodied punk or stood in direct opposition to it. They were vegetarian, straight-edge, and feminist. Openly communist, too, and versed in decolonial Marxist theory with a guitarist who held a poli-sci degree from Harvard University. They were an oddity in a rock and metal scene often considered overwhelmingly chauvinist, shallow and fratty. Rage was banned from SNL for hanging the American flag upside down in 1996, got their director nearly arrested for shutting down the New York Stock Exchange while filming a music video in 2000, and had a habit of holding benefit concerts for imprisoned activists convicted of killing cops. They found their appeal in their abrasive, unique energy and remarkably unsubtle message. Rage Against The Machine wants you (yes, you!) to seize the means of production. Edgy Gen X teenagers of the world, unite—you have nothing to lose but your chains. Unfortunately, Rage was never really fully understood by their original audience. You can't mention them online without an army of guys who loved Rage when they were 15 but vote Conservative now that they're 45 coming into the comments to complain that they "went woke." (Have we considered that, maybe, the media literacy crisis has always been with us?) Even so, their follow up to *Rage Against the Machine* debuted at number one.

Rage's sophomore and junior albums, *Evil Empire* and *The Battle of Los Angeles*, arrived on the scene tighter and more polished. Morello's signature guitar style developed and de la Rocha made references to writers such as Franz Fanon and James Baldwin (*Evil Empire* CDs and tapes came complete with a reading list of the band's favourite books). On these records, Rage narrowed their targets, skewering right-wing radio shock-jocks on "Vietnow," threatening the LA elite on "Down Rodeo," describing the exploitation of immigrant women in "Maria," and taking on domestic abuse in "Revolver." They supported the Zapatista uprising in Southern Mexico and called for intifada in Palestine on tracks like "Roll Right" and "War Within A Breath." Rage tackled abortion rights and neo-colonialism over funky riffs that my Dad would play air guitar to. Musically, they pushed the envelope by further embracing eccentric sounds and diverse influences. *Rolling Stone* mistook Morello's guitar solo on *The Battle of Los Angeles*' "Guerrilla Radio" for a harmonica break in their original review of the album.

Rage's last album before the band's dissolution in 2000 was *Renegades*, a collection of covers (not all of them great, I will admit). One of those tracks is a cover of Bruce Springsteen's ode to the working man, "The Ghost of Tom Joad"—referring to the labour-organizer protagonist of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath.* That song makes me cry. It reminds me of the pain of waiting for change. Rage managed to package their iconic anger into a song that feels as wistless and sad as it does heavy. Rage Against the Machine's post-debut records were a perfection of form. But for me personally, part of the appeal of Rage's self-titled debut is found within its imperfections: its frenetic energy and occasionally directionless anger.

Rage's music distinctively comes from a more naive and hopeful time. A time in which it made sense to support Ralph Nader's Green Party candidacy for U.S. president. A time in which music and the youth (the Gen X youth if you can believe that) could change the world. Today, youth anger doesn't feel as relevant in the cultural zeitgeist. In 2026, thinkpieces get written on Gen Z nihilism and depression instead. To be young in the 2020s means facing a shitty economy, climate collapse, and an algorithmic AI-generated media hellscape. Succumbing to brainrot and chasing the dopamine hit of buying the next trend feels tempting (you'll never own a home, why bother saving?). I find myself fighting against the easy, comforting embrace of not caring more often than I want to admit. But easy and comfortable aren't as satisfying as confrontation.

Maybe that's why I keep coming back to Rage Against the Machine. I never really got the appeal of most sad music. Nor have I been someone who dwells on feelings of sadness or depression much at all. It always feels pointless. As an adolescent, I found myself sublimating feelings of sadness into feelings of anger instead. To me, anger feels more productive, even if I know it ultimately isn't. I'd rather lash out than withdraw. Whether I was eight or 18, I could always rely on Rage when I felt like I hated everything and everyone around me. Today, depression, nihilism, and complacency feel like my enemies in the fight for a fulfilling existence. Staying angry keeps me from becoming jaded. Some things simply should make you mad—and if Rage taught me anything, it was the value of being very, very mad. "Freedom," the final track on *Rage Against the Machine*, has one line whispered in a brief moment of calm before an explosive hook: "Anger is a gift." I'm still trying to figure out how to use it.

Seeing Red

THE BEST SONGS FOR STARTING A USELESS (OR USEFUL) FIGHT

Written by Julian Apolinario
Designed by Evelyn Li

The idea of a fight, verbal or physical, elicits particular reactions in different people. Some see fighting as senseless violence or a waste of breath, while others make sport out of argument or fisticuffs. Whether it's classical music rising and swelling over a couple divorcing in a rom-com, or punk rock serving as the soundtrack for a barroom beat-down, the power of fight music to influence conflict is immense, and universal. What follows is a list of the most potent tracks to boil someone's blood. Maybe keep these off of the party playlist.

1. "MY WAY" - FRANK SINATRA

I remember hearing "My Way" for the first time not on the stage of Caesar's Palace in Vegas, nor in a smoky New York jazz bar, but instead covered by Seth MacFarlane in 2016's *Sing*. A cinematic masterpiece in its own right, but for me, an introduction to the song's powerful message of satisfaction and personal pride. That very pride would prove fatal, however, when applied to a karaoke-crazy nation in Southeast Asia.

Frank Sinatra having mob ties may be gossip from your grandma's era, but you might be surprised to learn that his music has caused a rash of crime in the modern day Philippines. "My Way" has been linked to a number of deaths and general violence in the country, which have been dubbed, as a whole, the "My Way" Killings. The Killings are characterized by people selecting "My Way" at karaoke, and singing the anthem of personal pride and independence so badly and out of tune, that tempers flare, weapons are drawn, and people die. The Philippine Star has described the song as being "banned in all public places" to prevent further acts of violence. Just know that if you find yourself doing karaoke in Manila, it's best to try something other than Rat Pack classics.

2. "KNUCK IF YOU BUCK" - CRIME MOB FEAT. LIL' SCRAPPY

"Knuck If You Buck" is a song inspired by fighting, about fighting, and if I had to get a room full of people throwing hands, there is no anthem I would be blasting before this one. The rhythmic chanting that starts off and pervades the song is almost hypnotic. The adlibs are like a crowd at a boxing match, cheering you on, goading you to shove the guy who's been smart eyeing you all night, or to start "throwin''bows like Johnny Cage" on the dancefloor. Any song that wants you at the party acting like you're in Mortal Kombat is a dangerous one, and as Crime Mob tells us repeatedly, they're ready to start and end a fight, so you'd better be too.

Now, you might be thinking, "Julian, we're at U of T, no one is doing any knucking or bucking at THIS respectable institution, thank you very much." And I'd say to you, Demo reader: take a look at what happened in Harvard in 2007. At a STEM party, "Knuck If You Buck" is the very song that got the students of Massachusetts rowdy enough to start a chair throwing brawl. We at the Harvard of the North are not so different, and mixing Crime Mob with an exam season crowd might be the ingredients to a powder keg I'd rather not see go off.

3. "GLIMPSE OF US" - JOJI

After years of hiatus from Joji, I remember when "Glimpse of Us" hit the airwaves in 2022. With it came the message to men that maybe their relationships aren't working because they'd rather be with a woman they used to love. This is probably the last thing that anyone, at any time, wants to hear.

If heard at the wrong time, "Glimpse of Us" can be a hydrogen bomb to an unsuspecting girlfriend, reducing their partner to a distant and broody shell of themselves. It leaves them thinking about quiet moments of intimacy and peace… with another person. This song causes the kind of fight that nobody wins, that's duked out on opposite sides of the bed at night over a battlefield of dry texts and missed phone calls. There is no final explosion that makes for a good story to tell to friends over a drink, just slow distancing and a final, awkward confrontation that leaves two people alone, neither of them happy, and one of them reaching to call a number they have rightfully blocked.

4. "DRIVERS LICENSE" - OLIVIA RODRIGO

It can be haunting to enter a place alone that you used to frequent with another, and Olivia Rodrigo captures that emotion well on her breakout song "drivers license." The song is emotional in itself, prone to making old, cuts long scabbed over, bleed anew. However, it was the internet's reaction to the song that I think showcases the real fight-starting potential of the single. That being, people asking to temporarily break up with their partners so that they could better experience the pain captured in the song.

There is a fine line between a silly joke and messing with something good for internet clout, and the latter is perhaps the worst reason to even pretend to throw away a relationship. The trivialization of commitment for online trends is something that I am utterly bewildered by. Almost everyone likes depressing music, but why risk losing a source of real happiness in your life just to relate to a chorus a little better? Saying that sort of thing casually looks funny online, but could end with your stuff packed up neatly in boxes outside of someone's doorstep. You really will need your driver's license then.

5. "OTIS" - JAY-Z AND KANYE WEST

2011's *Watch The Throne* produced a number of notable tracks, but the one with the most unique background is undoubtedly "Otis." Named after singer Otis Redding and built around a sample of his song "Try a Little Tenderness," "Otis" has enough old school soul and hip-hop swagger to make it an enduring cut from the record that I believe has a lot of cross-generational appeal. Considering JAY-Z's and Kanye's frosty contemporary relationship, "Otis" feels like a time-ravaged monument commemorating the boys from Roc-A-Fella Records.

For however much it meant to the masses, that sentiment was more deeply felt by legendary DJ Funkmaster Flex, who premiered the song on the Hot 97 radio station. "Otis" is a less than three minute long song, but Funk Flex took more than 22 minutes to play the song in full due to constant pausing, restarts, and his own ad-libbed reactions to what he dubbed "the hardest record out right now." At around seven minutes in, Flex takes a break from playing the song to announce to the entirety of New York City that he wants them to go to their nearest convenience store and "put your hand in the cash register for no reason," because "their money is your money, as of right now," as explosion sound effects play in the background.

In that very moment, all 18 million New Yorkers ran into their nearest bodegas and immediately robbed the places, thanks to Funkmaster Flex's proclamation. Never in the history of organized society has there been such a massive wave of robberies, and none of it would have been possible without the influence of "Otis."

Fight music is a distillation of human intensity, evoking raw aggression in either its lyrics or the actions taken by its listeners. Music is what gets punches thrown on crowded dancefloors, tears shed in studio apartments, and long notes app apologies written and rewritten over and over again.The hopelessness and regret of "Glimpse of Us" is far on the spectrum from the violence perpetuated in the name of pride and propriety because of "My Way." Conflict's circumstances change, but music manages to cover the breadth of expression across years and genres alike.

A Tribute to D'Angelo's Voodoo

Written by Alan Minkovich
Designed by Louise Lee

To me, the colour red has always been the colour of passion and romance. I kicked around the idea of tributing some modern R&B artists like Ravyn Lenae or Fabiana Palladino for this article, but I could not stop thinking about D'Angelo in the wake of his death just over three months ago. D'Angelo's death was the first time I felt genuine loss and heartbreak from a celebrity's passing. My stomach dropped when I saw the notification from AP News on my phone informing me that the king of neo-soul had passed away at 51. D'Angelo's music meant the world to me; his work provided a voice for male yearning and love I believe is missing in today's popular music scene. I can, of course, get my outlet from artists like Clairo, or do a deep dive into the indie R&B scene to capture this vibe, but it can be frustrating when the male side of this genre is largely dominated by cold and emotionally absent music spearheaded by artists like The Weeknd. To me, D'Angelo's 2000 sophomore album Voodoo is the greatest collection of music ever made, in large part due to its emotional core of love and intimacy.

D'Angelo burst onto the scene with his 1995 debut, *Brown Sugar*. The album was an instant success and catapulted him into stardom, with listeners instantly seeing him as a spiritual successor to the soul singers of yesteryear like Al Green or Marvin Gaye. The album is very much a product of his time, made during the 'silk shirt R&B' revival of the '90s—a music movement that is the antithesis of modern R&B from predominantly male artists. Tracks were filled with impassioned deliveries, lyrics that were as 'chalant' as you can get, and warm vibrant production that so easily contrasts the trap-inspired beats of today. However, when D'Angelo took this aesthetic and developed this sound with the Soulquarians, I really believe he hit his artistic peak. If you're not familiar with the Soulquarians, it was a supergroup of artists that included every name you could possibly think of from the neo-soul and underground hip-hop movements of the time: Erykah Badu, Mos Def, Q-Tip, J Dilla, Questlove, and that's just scratching the surface. This was basically The Avengers of Black artists at the time. What made this group so special was not just that they featured on each other's tracks here or there, but that they really worked together, pushing each other artistically to create some of the best albums ever made.

The influence from this collaboration can be instantly felt on Voodoo. Questlove's drumming on the album was deliberately laid back, sounding almost delayed, to create a really muddy and nearly sleazy beat on every track. J Dilla unofficially produced several songs, leaving his fingerprints all over the album. J Dilla's style was a sort of lo-fi, sample-heavy production that, as Questlove describes, produced a "dirty sound." All of these elements combined to end up making a record that sounds incredibly warm and inviting. Much like the lyrical content of the album, it provides a sense of intimacy that perfectly backs up D'Angelo's vocals.

Of course, I could easily write another thousand words on D'Angelo's vocal performance on the album. For every track, a different approach is taken to support the specific message or vibe. On "Playa Playa," D'Angelo complements the driving bass and hip-hop beats with a cadence close to rapping. On "Africa," a song tributing his newborn son, his vocals sound like he's singing a lullaby. And, of course, there are the love songs that inspired this whole article to begin with. On "One Mo'Gin," he details running into an old flame and how he wants to rekindle their relationship. He brings a nonchalance throughout the track, almost like he's trying to show his ex that he's doing just fine. It's interrupted with these moments of passion, particularly during the chorus, where his true intentions come out. The subject matter on "Untitled (How Does it Feel)" is pretty simple: he's making love and asking his partner how it feels. The track builds up throughout, climaxing with a soaring vocal performance at the end that perfectly encapsulates the feeling of being overwhelmed with feelings of love and passion for your partner.

Ultimately, I think that it's this passion and yearning for love that made me connect so much with his music. I can talk about the way the album fuses traditionally Black genres, or was a byproduct of collaboration between some of music's finest artists, but it's really that emotional core that makes me return to Voodoo time and time again. Selfishly, the most tragic part of his passing, to me, is that I will never be able to see him live. I discovered him in 2021, years after this last album and tour, and I'll probably be searching endlessly for artists that spark those same feelings in me as D'Angelo did. But if I'm unable to, I know I can always throw on my Voodoo LP on the turntable one more time.

REST IN POWER

Catapulted into the spotlight in 2022 with the release of "Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is," now-22-year-old Ella Red performed for a crowd of 4,000 just seven months after releasing her debut single. Almost three years later, with her first album *IT'S NOT REAL* set for release on January 23rd, the Frisco-born alt-pop artist is ready to cross the threshold from rising favorite to fully-realized cultural force. In a crowded field of emerging pop artists, Ella Red stands out through her striking mixture of self-awareness, fearlessness, and creative control. She is neither manufactured nor accidental. She's intentional, sharp, and disarmingly honest.

Though rooted in pop, Ella Red's music resists genre conventions. Her songs merge synth textures, crisp hooks, and the raw energy of punk influences. The result is a sonic palette that shifts between sweetness and threat, often within the same song. Her early singles showcased a young artist eager to experiment, but her recent work displays a clear, cohesive identity: dark pop that's equal parts personal diary and social critique.

Themes of identity, sexuality, reclamation, and psychological tension run through her music. Tracks like "He Asked For It" push back against victim-blaming, contradicting toxic rhetoric. Others like "Aphrodite" dwell in more introspective territory, questioning self-perception and the lines between desire, performance, expectation, and reality. Red's lyricism is both intimate and theatrical. Even at her most stylized, she writes with the openness of someone handing you a page from a private journal.

"From Her There's Nowhere I Can Hide":

Ella Red and the Performance of Identity

Written by
Rose Kinoshita

Designed by
Louise Lee

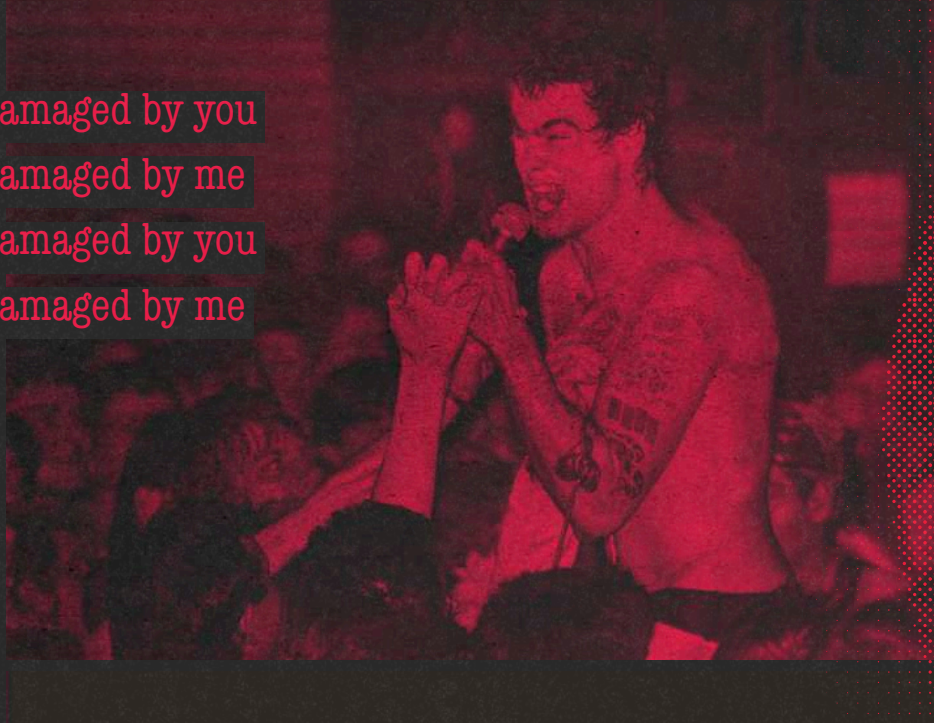
The political and emotional lyricism converges in *IT'S NOT REAL*, an album she has described as "all-consuming" in an interview. Moments are stitched together from songs written throughout the formative years of her life, creating a retrospective on growth and disillusionment. The album is expected to continue to examine not only personal experience, but existential and societal pressure, performance of identity, and the desire to be seen.

The title of the album alone implies Red's battle with authenticity, as well as considers how much of our identity is chosen, how much is imposed, and how much is performance. This is exemplified in pre-release tracks including "Parasite," "Ball and Chain," and "Religion." If these previews are any indication, the album will blend emotional storytelling with the cinematic intensity she has become known for, while expanding her sound into new genre territory.

Part of Ella Red's rapid rise within the industry lies in her approach to digital presence. Rather than relying solely on one-directional promotional content, she communicates openly with her audience across apps like Discord, Patreon, and YouTube. On Discord, fans share art, discuss music, participate in community gaming events, and ask questions to Red directly through a Q&A thread. Her 'Secret Society of the Lovebugs' on Patreon deepens this connection, allowing fans access to demos, early releases, and behind-the-scenes footage. Meanwhile, her YouTube channel blends music content with more casual 'sew with me' videos—where Ella recaps the process of making some of the dresses she wears to her shows—and conversational livestreams with fans, presenting her not as an untouchable pop figure but as a multidimensional creator. The way she handles presaves, often rewarding fans with surprise prereleases, reflects her commitment to cultivating a sense of participation. Fans don't simply wait for new content: they feel like collaborators, sometimes receiving 'thank you' extras that create a sense of exclusivity without elitism. This decentralized, community-focused model reflects a generational shift where young artists are no longer waiting for the industry to define their audience. Rather than relying on an outside force to craft her fanbase, Ella Red has built hers from the inside out.

Ella Red's socio-cultural position extends beyond music. Her aesthetic, often combining hyper-feminine styling with themes of rage, fear, humor, or sexuality, mirrors a broader Gen Z reclamation of contradictions. She embodies an ethos that embraces both softness and sharp edges, leaning into discomfort rather than watering it down for mass appeal. Her work resonates with listeners who see themselves not in polished perfection, but in nuance, contradiction, and emotional volatility. This rings especially true for those navigating identity, gendered expectations, and digital-age selfhood. Red offers something rare: pop that feels intellectually engaging without losing its bite.

If *IT'S NOT REAL* delivers on its thematic ambition, Ella Red could easily become one of the defining alt-pop artists of the era. She is, at the very least, a voice whose honesty and intensity demands attention.



DAMAGED: A REFLECTION ON ROLLINS' BLACK FLAG

WRITTEN BY SHAYLA LITTLE
DESIGNED BY SERENA HAO

The head honchos at Demo
talking about Black Flag—esp
of late due to their fresh ne
Many in the music sphere ha
something about the "NEW Ge
Flag lineup," with it quickly be
comedic topic given the absur
between 71-year-old Greg Gin
group of Gen Z bandmate h
Black Flag was founded in 197
remains active today, 50 ye
Black Flag is one of many b
have parted with its founding
and rebuilt itself again and aga
Ship of Theseus, becomin
completely unrecognizable f
initial conception. I really do
would have served the legacy
Flag much better if, around t
the 1980s, it was taken out
backyard and metaphorically s
back of the head.

2026's iteration of Black Flag p
us three twentysomethings
geriatric who play lacklustre
versions of music released in
and '80s. I am not a fan of t
band nature of this new a
believe their performances a
presence are underwhelmi
compared to almost any
iteration Black Flag. That b
there was a time when the m
Black Flag were truly drive
music and utterly devoted to t
rather than solely being alon
ride. I think this is especially t
the modern state of Black
contrasted with my personal
era of Black Flag: the Rollins er

I don't think it's much of a stre
that if Henry Rollins in the '8
colour, he would be red, on a
his volatile attitude, machine-
and ceaseless aggression
anyone and everyone. On top
Flag's live shows often involvi
and blood, the Rollins era us
various album covers, star
Damaged. The cover features
our singer shaved bald to
punching his fist and starin
broken mirror. Bold, screamin
overlays the image, reading
FLAG IIII DAMAGED." And
there's the bright red eyesore
Slip it In, which makes for o
ugliest record covers to displa
bedroom wall in a performativ

We first meet Rollins when dropping the needle on *Damaged's* "Rise Above," Black Flag's most anthemic song. Though *Damaged* starts by boasting high energy and relatively light subject matter with tracks like "Six Pack" and "TV Party," the album soon evolves into something thematically darker in and slower in tempo. Tracks like "No More" and "Padded Cell" express an incessant, all-consuming need to escape from the crushing banality of a regular life. Rollins rambles and growls complaints in his version of "Damaged I"—a track which would set the stage for what would be a new era of Black Flag. Breathing heavily and sounding wounded, Rollins states over a squealing guitar: "My name's Henry… and you're here with me now." Throughout the rest of the '80s, we would be stuck with Rollins as our frontman whether or not we agreed to it.

Lyrics in the Rollins era took on an intense edge which notably strayed away from much of the playfulness and juvenile character present on *Nervous Breakdown*. Bandleader Greg Ginn said of this time, "We couldn't do songs with a sense of humor anymore; [Henry] got into the serious way-out poet thing." Sentiments of pain, anger, paranoia, and longing persisted in their records as well as their performances. Every song from *My War* is completely desperate and desolate—the A-side is fast and intense yet extremely troubled in its content, with tracks like the accusatory and paranoid "My War" and a battle with detachment in "Forever Time": "I feel like I'm some kind of death machine/With skin and muscles and a heart that pumps my blood." "The Swinging Man" covers suicidality in the last uptempo song of the album, before switching to a complete change of pace on the B-side. *My War*'s final three tracks skew more towards sludge metal than hardcore punk, where Rollins battles with pervasive thoughts about himself and others throughout "Nothing Left Inside," "Three Nights," and "Scream."

Live shows in this era also felt distinct from what came previously. Black Flag had already been rampantly energetic and relentless in live settings, but Rollins always felt like he had something additional to prove to the crowd. Rollins has stated that he felt the need to put as much as he possibly could into every performance, and that anything less would be a failing of his role as a singer and a disgrace to himself and others. Everything Black Flag did and stood for, especially their refusal to stick to the label of "hardcore" and decision to experiment in the metal, instrumental, and spoken word spheres, seemed to instill anger and hatred into the crowd. During sets, attendees would become violent and belligerent, aiming to maim or kill Rollins on stage. Rollins, completely drenched in sweat and wearing only a pair of small black gym shorts which barely covered the crack of his ass, would whip his body back and forth and writhe like a snake in between throwing punches at small-minded "punkers." It was a trip.

Black Flag's intense nature and their ludicrous dedication to touring and producing music is explored extensively in *Get In The Van*, a collection of journal entries written by Rollins from 1981–86. I was 17 when I got my own copy for Christmas. Eager as could be, I opened the book to the front page so I could see what excited me most about this copy: the fact that Rollins himself, flesh and blood, had signed this book—with his own hands, on this exact page. With every blue-inked letter the page was imprinted slightly. I ran my fingertips across the signature, trying to learn something from its texture like how a blind man learns from his braille. Dramatic, maybe, but I loved everything in this book. I took it as my gospel. *Get In The Van* is the reason why I vouch so hard for Rollins, and why I care so much that Black Flag has become something so unrecognizable, a betrayal to what it once was.

What's plainly seen from *Get In The Van* is that there was a time when the band was composed of people who were young, crazy, and stupid in many ways, but utterly devoted to being the best band they possibly could (even to their own mental and physical detriment). Stories of Black Flag on tour in the early '80s recount members subjecting themselves to tortuous conditions—starving on a regular basis, getting little to no sleep, getting harassed by LA cops, being punched, grabbed, spat on, and almost killed by crowds, and worst of all, being forced to listen to the incessant ramblings of Mike Watt. *Get In The Van* sometimes reads like Rollins' descent into complete madness, with him devolving into a more erratic state of mind as tours progressed. Rollins mentions engaging in self-harm, cutting himself with shards of glass in order to drum up the energy he felt he needed for his performances. It's easy to see that Black Flag is unsustainable, and there's a reason its lineup is forever changing: almost every member has been chewed up and spit out due to the crushing demands of their role and is subsequently replaced by a newer, fresher face.

Flash forward to today, and Black Flag is still actively touring across the world. Video recordings often show a thinly populated crowd who sway back and forth during the set, visibly unengaged with the music. Our drummer and bassist seem to be lacking any notable element of charisma or stage presence. I can say that the vocal performances of lead singer Max Vannely are truly not that bad, sometimes being reminiscent of Black Flag's second vocalist, Ron Reyes. But nor can I say that she's exceptional in her role. Her posturing while singing lyrics such as, "I feel in my heart… I want to kill someone" seems more like an act, something unfaithful to the original nature and sentiments that fuel the music. It's a hard role to live up to, unfortunately, and one that comes with a lot of criticism. And Greg Ginn is 71 years old. Sometimes he's just painful to watch.

With no plans to release any new music, and the frustrating Thesean nature of the current lineup, the state of Black Flag in 2026 warrants asking "What the hell is the point?" Today's Black Flag has been described many ways: as a cash grab, a cover band, a total joke, et cetera. Whatever it may now be, I struggle to call it a good band—which pains me to say. Black Flag used to be exceptional. The music and the ethos of a past Black Flag would inspire generations of future musicians and thousands of four-black-bars tattoos. Unfortunately, that band ceased to exist in the late '80s, and will never come to be again, no matter how many upcoming tour dates 'Black Flag' play across the USA, or Europe, or anywhere else on earth.

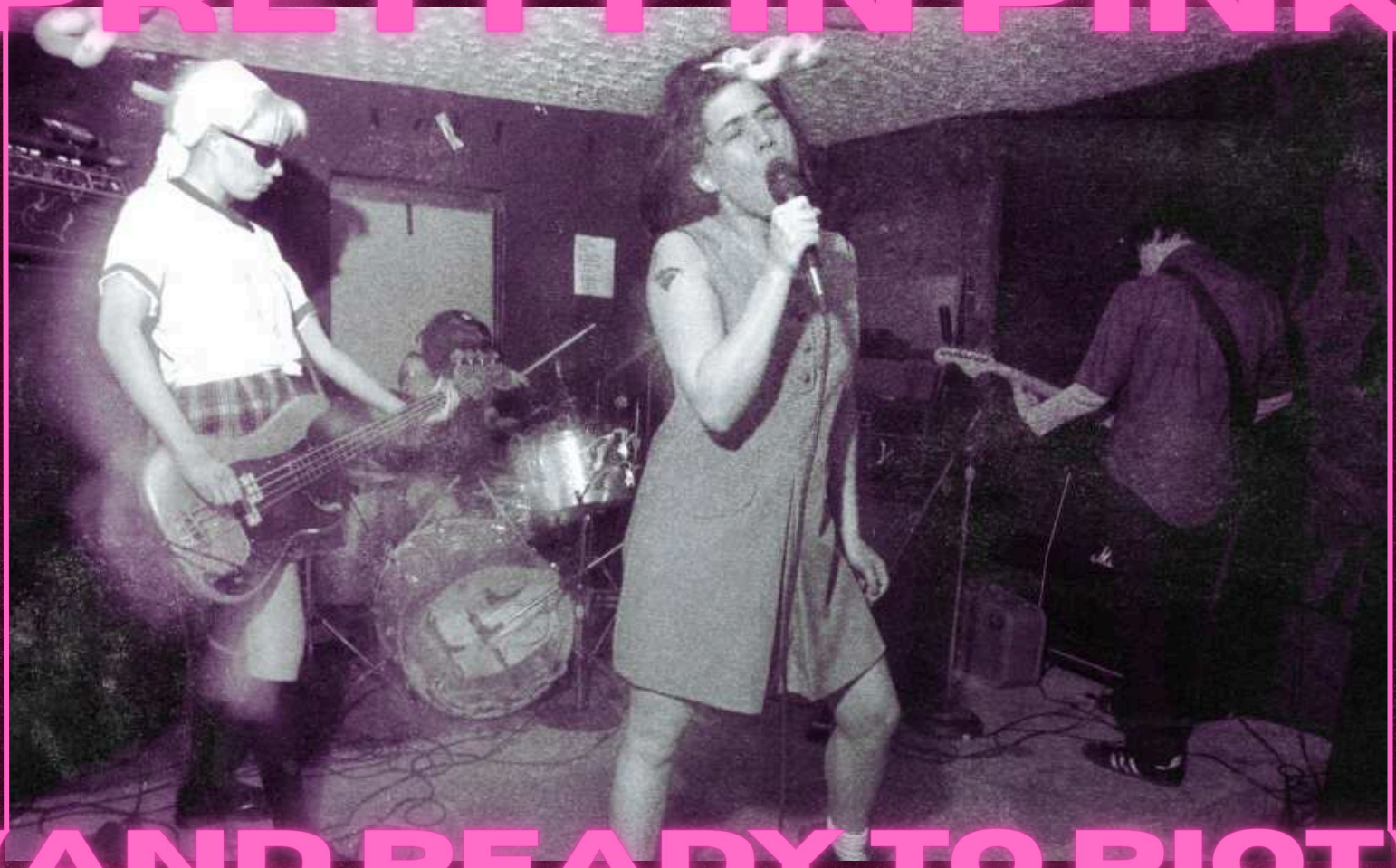
When something is suffering, the right thing to do is put it down. Poor Black Flag. Just kill it already.

all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy

all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy

all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy

PRETTY IN PINK



(AND READY TO RIOT)

The Chromatic Feminism of Riot Grrrl

Pink is a shade of red that brings many connotations: love, compassion, and most commonly, femininity. From clothes to gender reveals, young girls are oversaturated with it from the moment they enter the world. It has come to convey innocence, sweetness, and modesty—everything girls and women are taught to be. But despite pink's chromatic closeness to red—a colour of ferocity, volatility, and rebellion—their two meanings are rarely linked. Women are taught to be passive, polite, and submissive. But what happens when the pastel softness of pink starts burning into the heat of red?

Enter the riot grrrl movement of the 1990s, born out of anger at the gendered roles for women in music. The live punk music scene in the 1970s and 1980s was a boys club helmed by bands like the Ramones, the Clash, and the Sex Pistols—built upon a punk legacy largely created by and for men. Their lyrics centred around male angst, fostering an environment in which women's experiences were minimized and ignored. Although musicians like Poly Styrene, Siouxie Sioux, and Exene Cervenka began to carve out places for women, punk spaces still remained dominated by white men by the 1990s. Women attending shows were condescendingly called 'coatracks,' expected to stay at the back and hold the jackets of their boyfriends who went into the pit. Over time, this exclusion, on stage and in the crowd, became impossible for women to ignore. In music, zines, and fashion, women began rejecting the gender roles and the pink they'd been assigned, deciding to make their own shade of red.

The riot grrrl movement can be localized to Olympia, Washington. An explosion of bands poured out of this small college town, most notably Bikini Kill (above). Kathleen Hanna decided to form a band with fellow Evergreen State College students Tobi Vail and Kathi Wilcox after seeing a Babes in Toyland show. In Hanna's 2024 memoir, *Rebel Girl*, she describes how their performance was a transformative experience, saying that she had just "seen God and she was three women playing songs in a shack in the middle of nowhere." Yet afterward, the audience only focused on how singer and guitarist Kat Bjelland looked. The crowd's consensus expanded beyond this cramped show and into contemporary media. In a Babes in Toyland interview with *The Guardian*, journalist Laura Barton notes that "the simple fact of their femaleness eclipsed the force of Babes in Toyland's music: the wildness, the beauty, and

Written and Designed by Julianna Pijar

the rage of it." Hanna, Vail, and Wilcox found solace in their mutual frustration at how Babes in Toyland's femininity was used to trivialize their art. Vail was already a fixture in the Pacific Northwest punk scene through her zine, *Jigsaw*, and soon the three conceived a new zine called *Bikini Kill*, which later served as a name for their new punk band.

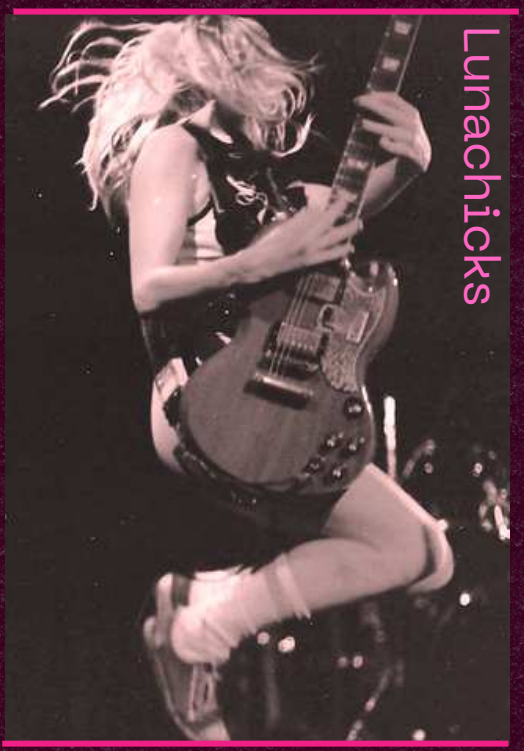
Zines were an important outlet for discouraged youth. They were accessible, cheap, DIY magazines filled with art and written diatribes. They allowed young women to bypass traditional media and speak directly to each other, fostering a strong community. In the "RIOT GRRRL MANIFESTO," published in *Bikini Kill #2*, they declared they are starting this movement "BECAUSE we are angry at a society that tells us Girl = Dumb, Girl = Bad, Girl = Weak," and "BECAUSE we must take over the means of production in order to create our own meanings." Visually, their zines reclaimed pink and traditionally feminine imagery. Lichtenstein-esque women graced the covers carrying guns and ammo, while hearts and stars scattered the background. Pages were always in black and white to save costs, but occasionally would be printed on bright blue or pink paper.

Around the same time, another influential riot grrrl band formed in Olympia: Sleater-Kinney. Corin Tucker and Carrie Brownstein, previously in Heavens to Betsy and Excuse 17, began a side project that grew full-time with the induction of drummer Janet Weiss. Other bands quickly followed their lead. Bratmobile was initially a duo—Allison Wolfe and Molly Neuman—who met as students at University of Oregon and started the zine Girl Germs, interviewing rising riot grrrl bands like 7 Year Bitch, Calamity Jane, and Team Dresch. Singer Selene Vigil of 7 Year Bitch captured the movement's frustration, saying, "We're helping open male audience members' minds. Like, 'Oh, wow, you're women and you can play!' But it's like, 'No shit!' " With the addition of guitarist Erin Smith, Bratmobile had their debut opening for Bikini Kill in 1991. They released their first album, *Pottymouth*, two years later. Its cover sported a bright light pink with collaged photos of each of the band members, unapologetically putting women at the front and satirizing the titular insult.

This pink transformation bled over into fashion as well. Kat Bjelland's baby-doll dresses were originally practical for movement on stage, but when paired with Doc Martens and expressive makeup, they became a further extension of her music, a visual contradiction. Her singing reflected this as she would quickly turn from a clean seductive baby voice to ferocious screaming. Kathleen Hanna took a more literal route, wearing shirts and dresses emblazoned with objectifying catcalls and even writing 'SLUT' across her stomach with Sharpie. As bassist Kathi Wilcox stated in a 2013 interview with The Cut, their outfits were "a way of saying, 'I'm going to take the words out of your mouth. I know this is what you want to do.' "

Across the country, New York City's Lunachicks also lampooned traditional femininity through onstage fashion. Singer Theo Kogan and bassist Sydney Silver combined heavy exaggerated makeup with lots of tulle, drawing attention to the cartoonish femininity that undermined the expectations placed on female performers. Their debut album *Babysitters on Acid*, developed with help from Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore, skewered elitism ("Luxury Problem"), beauty standards ("Less Teeth, More Tits"), and the nuclear family ("Born 2b Mild"), even tearing apart the Brady Bunch mythos in "Jan Brady."

Many other bands shaped riot grrrl's impact—like The Gits, L7, Huggy Bear, Slutever—each demanding space, attention, and equality. Yet the movement also carried the limits of its time: white feminism often overshadowed the contributions of women of colour and queer artists.



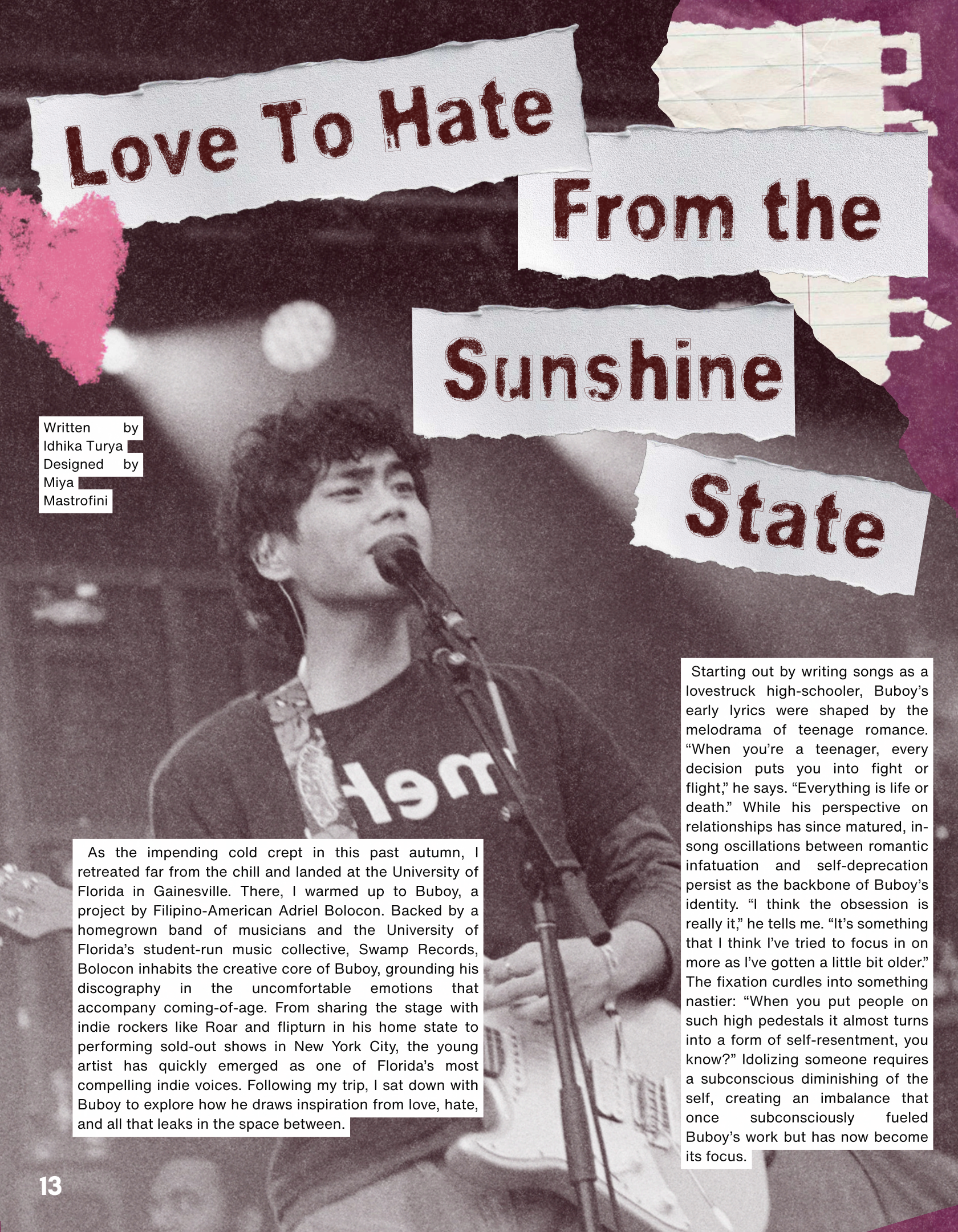
Groups like Team Dresch, Emily's Sassy Lime, and Tribe 8 were vital to the movement, but received less attention than these pioneering white bands.

Although the riot grrrl movement was short-lived, its message still resonates today. Contemporary bands like Amyl and the Sniffers, Upchuck, Fea, and Screaming Females continue this legacy with broader inclusion of people of colour, queer people, and all the intersections between. Thanks to riot grrrl's foundation, women in music no longer have to fit a monolithic mold—they can dress how they want, play what they want, and say what they want.

Yes, pink still does signify femininity, but the definition of femininity has changed. Because of these women and their predecessors—like The Slits, The Raincoats, and X-Ray Spex—pink can also mean strength, defiance, compassion, and identity. When paired with red, pink exposes the false separation between femininity and anger, revealing that feminine qualities were never incompatible with rage or power. Today, the movement's message from women and marginalized communities remains the same: equality for all. And if they don't agree? Riot.

Love To Hate From the Sunshine State

Written by Idhika Turya
Designed by Miya Mastrofini



As the impending cold crept in this past autumn, I retreated far from the chill and landed at the University of Florida in Gainesville. There, I warmed up to Buboy, a project by Filipino-American Adriel Bolocon. Backed by a homegrown band of musicians and the University of Florida's student-run music collective, Swamp Records, Bolocon inhabits the creative core of Buboy, grounding his discography in the uncomfortable emotions that accompany coming-of-age. From sharing the stage with indie rockers like Roar and flipturn in his home state to performing sold-out shows in New York City, the young artist has quickly emerged as one of Florida's most compelling indie voices. Following my trip, I sat down with Buboy to explore how he draws inspiration from love, hate, and all that leaks in the space between.

Starting out by writing songs as a lovestruck high-schooler, Buboy's early lyrics were shaped by the melodrama of teenage romance. "When you're a teenager, every decision puts you into fight or flight," he says. "Everything is life or death." While his perspective on relationships has since matured, in-song oscillations between romantic infatuation and self-deprecation persist as the backbone of Buboy's identity. "I think the obsession is really it," he tells me. "It's something that I think I've tried to focus in on more as I've gotten a little bit older." The fixation curdles into something nastier: "When you put people on such high pedestals it almost turns into a form of self-resentment, you know?" Idolizing someone requires a subconscious diminishing of the self, creating an imbalance that once subconsciously fueled Buboy's work but has now become its focus.

His early catalog leaned heavily into hopeless romanticism, but as Buboy gained traction, he found himself softened into the archetypal “soft and sweet” Asian-American indie boy. While the effects reflected well in the numbers, they didn’t sit comfortably with his band, comprised entirely from musicians of color. Recalling a festival with a ten-band lineup, he added, “a lot of times we’ll be the only people of color playing on a bill.” Now, instead of retreating from his roots, Buboy champions his intersection of identities in his developing discography, using the tension to power his newer work.

The resulting friction defines “Chew,” his latest single and his clearest articulation yet of the love/hate axis that guides Buboy as a project. Originally drafted in high school, “Chew” was revived during what Bolocon describes as “a rut” that was shaped through equal parts of pressure to conform to racial expectations and a growing frustration with newer material. Recorded on only two microphones between Bolocon and drummer Jason Gachette, the track is the first in Buboy’s discography to feature live drums. These were then processed into the intentionally scrappy sound texture that amplifies the emotional dissonance of the track. “It’s very yearn-y, very yearning-y,” he adds, “but it is also a little bit desperate.” Revolving around the line, “chew me, use me, and you spit me right out,” the track spirals through the warped logic that emerges when affection goes unreturned. “It’s a pretty simple metaphor of wanting to be of value to a person,” he explains, “but even in a way of being used.”

Buboy is excited to explore the creative path now marked by “Chew,” and he plans to lean further into reinvention with each release cycle. For the upcoming round, he’s expressed interest in writing music that is “a little bit mean, a little bit angry, and just a little bit spiteful.” He laughs, “I think honestly, it could get even worse.” He acknowledges how artists hesitate to express negative emotions out of fear of being perceived as “mean” or “problematic.” However, feeling secure in his sunny, day-to-day disposition, Buboy is ready to explore feelings of inadequacy through a less-polished and more vulnerable lens.

While Buboy credits Gainesville with fostering a lively and supportive music community, he admits to feeling fewer creative constraints following performances in larger, more diverse music scenes like Los Angeles and New York City. After playing in spaces where identity feels less structured, Buboy has begun to reconsider how much attention he pays to audience reception. Going forward, he promises a less strategized approach to making music while remaining true to his core lyrical themes. “Wondering if you’re worth people’s time, I think, is one thing that will stay consistent.” Yet despite heavy experimentation across his career, Buboy values revisiting his earlier work, seeing the variety as central to his identity as an artist. “It does all reflect a lot of different eras of not only my own creativity, but how I wanted to be perceived.”

Though he has taken strides to steer away from polished pop soundscapes, Buboy is immensely proud of his previous work that falls in line with them. Between the two of us, we agreed that his song, “Movie Star,” stands out as a favorite from his discography despite reflecting what Bolocon describes as a more “commercial” production. Released in the summer after high school, Buboy claims “Movie Star” as his teenage anthem, both sonically and visually. The song is heavily influenced by classic coming-of-age films (namely those of John Hughes) and serves as a sendoff to Bolocon’s teenagehood with a newfound emphasis on making “boyish” an all-inclusive adjective. “Wearing sneakers is boyish. Froot Loops are kind of boyish,” he explains, framing adolescence through small, nostalgic mementos. With an aversion to working in a white-dominated industry while living through a “red-pilled” era, Buboy hopes his work inspires an air of playfulness, particularly within his male audience.

Bolocon channels his excellence as a student in Film & Media Production towards curating his whimsical visual collection. He has directed all of Buboy’s music videos, with a strong handle over the creative process. Though he is grateful to oversee the bulk of his project’s creative responsibility, Bolocon acknowledges components of ego that can surface through “just wanting your name on everything.” However, he shoulders a great appreciation for the collaborative value that comes about with the creative process, and he attributed his team to be one of Buboy’s greatest assets. “It’s been valuable to see what I’m capable of and how other people can really bring more life out of those things.”

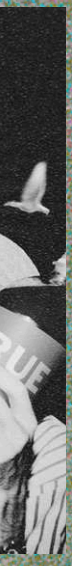
Can We Escape From Noise?

You feel it, don't you? The pressure slowly builds in our eardrums. Daily life becomes increasingly inundated by its encroaching presence. What is this all consuming force? Negativland's breakthrough 1987 album *Escape From Noise* has the answer for us. It's **Noise**. **Noise** is everywhere, and we have fallen into its control. Despite being released almost 40 years ago, Negativland's *Escape From Noise* can be recontextualized to paint a scathing portrait of our modern landscape and the sounds that we are constantly subjected to. The album asks the listener one simple question: "Is there any escape from **Noise**?"

Negativland formed in 1979 in Concord, California. Built on the remixing, splicing, and distortion techniques of musique concrète, the band specialized in a genre of music called plunderphonics, which involves the splicing of recorded music, usually without the permission of their copyright holders. As a result of their unique style, Negativland stood out from traditional alternative music acts of the time and began to make a name for themselves. The band's music was often politically charged, critiquing the institutions around them and trying to provoke outrage whenever possible. Their largest success was their 1987 release *Escape From Noise*. In it, the everpresent cold war fears and general angst of a society in the midst of unprecedented economic and social change are distilled into one term: **Noise**. **Noise** represents a malevolent force, weaseling its way into your daily life. The album goes on to examine the ways that **Noise** affects us. While lighthearted at times, it always delivers its message that keeps listeners on edge.

Throughout the run of the album, songs go into the ways Noise finds its way into daily life. "Stress in Marriage" talks about how **Noise** ruins relationships, "Methods of Torture" goes into the ways sound was used as a torture mechanism throughout history, "Over the Hiccups" shows how even the innocence of youth can be ruined by **Noise**, interrupting a kid trying to sing. Aside from these direct analogies for **Noise**, other songs on the album offer a more sonic and less expository reason for the noise's constant spread. "Time Zones" features a radio call between two men, one who tries to discredit the power of the Soviet Union, and the other trying to get through to him about the size of the looming threat. The track is an example

of how the radio is used to disseminate fear and propaganda to the masses. “Car Bomb,” a personal favorite, instills the general public’s paranoia around terror attacks into the sound of a car exploding repeatedly throughout the runtime of the track. Listening to the album is a jarring experience, as the often quite short songs switch tones quickly, representing the speed at which these sources of **Noise** appear in our life. The use of samples also encapsulates the idea of information overload, as ideas from many places are distilled into a single listening experience. The band’s ability to convey these fears purely by editing existing music, especially during a time where robust modern software did not exist, shows the level of expertise they were operating at.



While the album comments on the challenges of the time, it's hard not to draw a connection to modern life. So much information is being fed to us constantly that it’s hard to not feel overwhelmed. Fears about threats, real and amorphous, are constantly broadcast throughout our lives, and our poor brains aren’t given a single second of reprieve. Social media has allowed for this **Noise** to grow and grow, until paranoia sets in and we start looking for fallout shelters like the track “Yellow Black and Rectangular” describes. **Noise** is fear, worry, anger, and vitriol all in one. The album was recorded with the **Noise** of the American mid-80’s in mind; nuclear weapons, cold war threats, the AIDS epidemic, and the rise of popular culture to name a few. Yet the concept of **Noise** provides a beautiful framework for the modern day that speaks to the band's outlook on the future, where the problems that they describe are only exacerbated.

After seeing how **Noise** affects us, we come back to the original question of how to escape it. Unfortunately, Negativland may not have a great answer. The closing track “Endscape” is a sparsely populated track featuring a few quiet audio clips describing how a person leaves their situation to try and make it big as a musician, in order to escape the **Noise**. While this pessimistic acceptance of societal circumstances may be disheartening, they do provide alternative methods of combating **Noise**. On “You Don’t Even Live Here” near the end of the album, a resident fights back against the construction of a power plant at a local town meeting. The resident describes how the locals have been drowned out by some entity, implied to be the **Noise**. Throughout the track, we hear the voice of the townspeople as they yell, drowning out the **Noise**. The actions taken by the townspeople demonstrate the power of collective action in making changes against systems as a way to defeat **Noise**. The subsequent track “The Way of It” consists of a man saying that **Noise** “is not the way of it.” His sage-like tone asks you to remain calm and evaluate the ways in which you can control the amount of noise that gets to you.

I hear **Noise** every day. From doomscrolling sessions, observing pointless arguments online, and reading the news, I engage with **Noise** more than I would like to. Young people everywhere seem to be feeling the same way, and I think *Escape From Noise* offers a look into how these forces affect all of us. The album compels us to fight against the **Noise** that fills our heads and makes us go deaf, or suffer the consequences of a life dictated by it. We have the ability to tune **Noise** out. Even as the sound of the noise grows, there are always things we can do to mute it. The next time you are tempted to listen to **Noise**, maybe sit with silence first, and hear the peace it offers.

Written by Zacharia Husain

Designed by Serena Hao

WE ARE ALL POSERS

WRITTEN BY SOFIA LEBOVICS

DESIGNED BY SERENA HAO

Last week, over the course of five shows, I realized that I—a self-proclaimed music aficionado—am also the music aficionado's worst nightmare... the poser.

Music means everything to me, as I'm sure many of you reading can relate. I listen for hours every day, go to as many shows as I can, have played music since I was a toddler, and was raised by a professional musician. I am grateful for the role music plays in my life, but I've recently realized that it may have led me to develop a 'better-than' attitude toward other music enjoyers. Once I realized I was seated on my own high horse, I started to recognize a similar snobbish attitude from those around me. A superiority complex about the music one engages with has become the undercurrent of almost every music scene these days.

Speaking from experience, this attitude often develops once someone feels like they've fulfilled a series of criteria, which denotes them as 'more cultured' than the 'mainstream' of music listeners. This may include behaviour such as: refraining from taking videos at shows; actively 'feeling' the music in a tailored manner (without getting too into it, of course); listening on physical media (bonus points if you own Koss Porta Pros); or perhaps knowing someone in the band.

While I was actively engaging in this mindset, I shamefully admit to having looked down on friends who record everything, dance too big, and listen to their liked songs on shuffle. But something shifted in me last week. I went to five shows—each a different genre, and all relatively small. My goal was to investigate the nature of live music today, and I already had my thesis in mind: poserism—aided by social media and the development of the online personal image—has ruined emerging music scenes in Toronto.

During the first four nights, I only noticed mannerisms that supported this assertion. But, on night five, everything shifted. At a small indie show at Division 88, a friend called me out while I was explaining my hypothetical article's thesis. She first pointed out, in agreement with me, that a lot of people drawn to the idea of being 'in' various music scenes fall into the trap of acting like they are through aesthetics before investing anything 'real' in them. But she also remarked that most people who go to shows, try an instrument, or even just explore new music probably wouldn't bother if they didn't have any real musical desire. The image of being an avid show-goer, or simply someone who engages with music, is not something most people would adopt solely to fit a specific self-image. With that in mind, obsessing over whether others are truly 'into it' can ruin the experience of live music more than any slightly embarrassing person in the crowd ever could.

The idea that you would only go to a show because you like music is an incredibly simple idea, but is exactly what the so-called music aficionado, ironically, seems to forget. It made me realize that I've misplaced my contempt towards those I judged to be experiencing music 'the wrong way.' Indeed, poserism can strain a local music scene, but not in the chronically-posting, shallow-interactions-with-music sense that I previously thought. Rather, poserism kills through the critic: the music-lover who is critical of themselves coming off too earnestly or too largely only gets wrapped up in not embarrassing themselves, and ends up ruining their own musical experience.

Think for a moment about your recent conversations about music. How many felt slightly competitive? When was the last time you self-righteously declared that you knew more about a genre or artist than someone else? I'm not above this behaviour; I'm guilty of it as well. I often catch myself trying to prove that I was into an artist first, or asserting that knowing how to read music can invaluably change how you appreciate a song, or other slightly pretentious statements along these lines.

Trying to prove your opinion isn't inherently bad, but it should be noted that it can turn music enjoyment into a stifling competition. The oversaturation of the online music market and the consumption-hungry logic of music streaming services has capitalized on the power granted by this competitive 'niche-ness.' Online features like Airbuds and Spotify Wrapped exacerbate the idea that one is a 'real' music lover based on their tastes and minutes listened to music, which can all be displayed and ranked publicly—now you're competing for top (music) dog not only with your friends, but with random followers too.

This online posturing has thoroughly changed in-person dynamics. Instead of enjoying a show for personal pleasure, the critic watches the crowd. They notice who's standing, awkwardly looking away, or who's at the front, a little too enthusiastically singing into their phone: all potential 'posers.'

But true poserism comes from a fear of being real, of experiencing something authentically as it speaks to you. And so the music aficionado-as-critic is the biggest poser of all, putting on a performance equal to whoever's on stage.

So how do we fix this? Well, since that final show, I've been doing a bit of music rehab myself. I tried to stay neutral about all the Spotify Wrapped posts I saw, even if I found it very, very hard (I think Benson Boone paid off Spotify, that's all I'm gonna say). I've been trying to respect every conversation about music I'm having, even when it's about an artist I would've previously laughed at. At shows, I'm allowing myself to be a bit less chic. Sometimes I stand corpse-still, and other times I'll bust a groove or two.

At the end of the day, taste is subjective, and almost anything can be defended as good in some way. Why waste energy yucking someone else's yum, when we could instead just enjoy our own? Let's stop playing music police, and just start playing.

Kill the music aficionado, long live the poser!

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